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AUTHENTIC
ADVENTURES
OF THE
CELEBRATED
Countefs de la Motte.

[Price Two Shillings.]

AUTHENTIC ADVENTURES OF THE CELEBRATED Countess de la Motte.

INCLUDING

The Fraudulent TRANSACTION with CARDINAL DE ROHAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

To which is added,

A NARRATIVE of her ESCAPE to LONDON, as stated by herself.

ALSO

MEMOIRS of her SISTER, under the character of MARIANNE.

LONDON:
Printed for the Translator, and sold for him by E. JOHNSON, near St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street. 1787.

PREFACE.

THOUGH the hiſtory here preſented to the public, might be thought ſufficiently circumſtantial to render a preface unneceſſary, we have nevertheleſs thought ſomething of the kind proper, for many reaſons, which the reader who gives it but a

ſmall degree of attention will very eaſily perceive.

Madame de la Motte has always been deſirous to ſpread the belief that ſhe is deſcended from a natural ſon of King Henry II. and, being unfurniſhed with a certificate of the baptiſm of Henry de St. Remi, and the other papers which might juſtify her pretenſions, ſhe endeavours to ſupport them by hiſtory,

tory, referring in her memorial to Father Anſelme and the Preſident Hainault.

Whatever may be the reſpect due to the illuſtrious Preſident, the vaſtneſs of whoſe knowledge has made him immortal; —whatever confidence he may inſpire, we cannot help thinking that he appears to have been deceived with reſpect to the natural ſon he would impute to King Henry II.

It is well known than an author of reputation is copied again and again by his ſucceſſors, without any examination of the truth of what he advances. A fact related by him is never queſtioned; it is repeated on his credit; and error is handed down with all the authority of truth.

But on what aſſurance does Father Anſelm advance that the ſon of Nicole de Savigny was the child

child of Henry II.? Would he ground its truth on the grant of thirty thouſand crowns, which Henry III. made to Henry de St. Remi in 1577? All that can be obſerved on ſuch liberality is, that the King gave an inſtance of his beneficence in rewarding a ſubject for ſervices he thought he had received.

If King Henry III. had looked on Monſieur de St. Remi to be

the natural ſon of Henry II. would he not have honoured him with the order of the Holy Ghoſt, which he himſelf inſtituted? It does not appear from the ſearch we have made, that the ſon of Nicole de Savigny was ever inveſted with that dignity.

If that lady had been the favourite of her ſovereign, if a ſon had been the pledge of their mutual

mutual attachment, would ſhe afterwards have laviſhed her favours on Guillaume de la Baume Montrevel? Would ſhe at laſt have married a private gentleman called John de Ville?

Let us conclude from theſe reaſonings, which appear to us ſolid, that the family de St. Remi did not originate in one of our Kings.

There

There is without doubt a very remarkable difference to be obſerved between the picture we have given of the honeſt Durand, and that drawn of him by Madame de la Motte in her Memorial. She deſcribes him always without naming him, but ſo that he cannot be miſtaken for another, as a man who had taken the advantage of her father's weakneſs to enrich himſelf. This falſehood can only ſerve to increaſe the

the number of thoſe ſhe has already deviſed. Durand was in eaſy circumſtances; when the Baron had need of his purſe, it was open to him, and he made uſe of it. Such a ſally from Madame de la Motte againſt the benefactor of her family, affords a ſtrong preſumption that ſincere gratitude was incompatible with her nature.

Some particular friends to whom this work was ſhewn before

fore it went to preſs, have ſeemed to think the amours of Marianne and Colas would appear romantic. The anecdote is well known. At Bar-ſur-Aube it is public, and likewiſe at Fontette, where Colas now reſides. Whoever doubts its truth may eaſily trace it out.

We have lived long at Bar-ſur-Aube, and are well acquainted with every fact of this hiſtory, not

not a circumſtance has eſcaped us, and we may venture to ſay that it has at leaſt the merit of being ſtrictly conformable to truth.

It may not be improper to add, that there are two families who bear the name of De la Motte, at Bar-ſur-Aube. One of them, of very ancient nobility, and further diſtinguiſhed by perſonal merit, and the alli-

ance

ance of great families. The other, is a reſpectable family, but one that never roſe into notice, otherwiſe than by the marriage of the young officer of the Gensdarmes, with Mademoiſelle de Valois, and the part he bore in the ſubſequent intrigues of that lady.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF THE Counteſs de la Motte.

THE part that has been played by Madame de la Motte is ſo conſiderable; ſhe has brought forward ſo many characters in the well known ſtory of the necklace, that we cannot but think it will be acceptable to the public, to give an account of the adventures of that

intriguing woman, who has thus engaged the attention of France, or rather of all Europe, for ſo many months.

James, Baron de St. Remi, her father, was of an ancient family in Champagne, that ſunk into obſcurity about ſixty years ago. He claimed deſcent from a natural ſon of Henry II. by Nicole de Savigny de St. Remi: but the authors who have undertaken to tranſmit to poſterity the names of the natural children of Henry II. do not poſitively decide on this circumſtance.

The

The following extracts contain all the information they give on the ſubject.

" Henry de St. Remi," (great great grandfather of Madame de la Motte) " Gentleman of the bed-" chamber in ordinary to King " Henry III. is ſuppoſed to have " been a natural ſon of King Hen-" ry II. by Nicole de Savigny de " St. Remi."

" King Henry III. by a grant, " bearing date 13 February, 1577, " gave him the ſum of thirty thou-" ſand crowns, which were paid by " expreſs command to his mother,

" as appears by her receipt, dated
" the 26th of the ſame month."

" He left poſterity bearing arms
" *d'argent à une face chargée de*
" *trois fleurs de lys d'or*; and
" when the titles of the Nobleſſe
" were ſcrutinized in 1667, they
" were thus preſented to Monſieur
" de Caumartin, the Intendant of
" Champagne, who, from conſide-
" ration for the family, was not
" willing to give his opinion on
" their validity."

" Nicole de Savigny having
" ſhared the affection of Guillaume
" de la Baume Montrevel, Arch-
" biſhop

" biſhop of Beſançon, and Abbot
" of Charlieu, pretended there was
" a promiſe of marriage between
" her and this nobleman, in the
" deſign of procuring the reverſion
" of thoſe two benefices for her ſon
" Henry: but the Prelate was oblig-
" ed to go into Italy, where he was
" afterwards made Cardinal."

Our hiſtorians then authorize us to doubt that Madame de la Motte is deſcended from a natural ſon of King Henry II. However this may be, it is certain that the anceſtors of the Baron de St. Remi had diſtinguiſhed themſelves at Court, and in the army: they had expended

the greater part of their property in the ſervice, and had more than once ſpilt their blood in the defence of the ſtate.

The Baron himſelf ſhewed no inclination to follow their example; he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by nothing but his weakneſs, his indolence, and, if it may be ſaid, his abſolute want of character: he was willing to be obſcure while he could be intemperate.

He aſſociated only with peaſants, for the greater part, ſtupid and vulgar, with whom he got drunk and ſpent his patrimony; and he at laſt

ſunk

ſunk to ſuch a degree of abaſement, that without any reſpect for his birth, or conſideration of what was due to himſelf, after a connection of ſeveral years with a girl of the loweſt order, whom he had taken into his ſervice, and who was pregnant by him, he married her.

This woman, without birth, education, manners, wit or beauty, was in no reſpect adequate to the taſk of alluring her huſband from the debauch in which he wallowed. She contributed to plunge him deeper into it, and, if report may be believed, ſurpaſſed his exceſſes, and

gave an entire looſe to licentiouſneſs.

Their family however increaſed. The prolific Baroneſs yearly renewed her huſband's honours of paternity: ſhe gave him a ſon ſix months before their marriage; the year following, that is to ſay, July 22d, 1756, ſhe was brought to bed of Jeanne, whoſe adventures are here related; and in fifteen months after that period, ſhe was delivered of Marianne, whoſe hiſtory, as well as that of her brother, will be given in the courſe of the following pages.

The

The improper conduct of the Baron de St. Remi and his lady, ſoon brought on their ruin. They ſold the eſtate at Fontette, near Bar ſur Aube, which had been in the Baron's family for ſeveral ages, and in a ſhort time diſſipated the money it produced. Their remaining property conſiſted only of a few acres, and on this was a diſtraint; their credit was exhauſted, and they were without reſources.

To complete theſe misfortunes, the Baroneſs was again with child; the creditors were inflexible in their proceedings againſt her huſband, and even threatened him with impriſonment.

In ſuch unhappy circumſtances, the only alternative the Baron had, was that of making his eſcape. He therefore reſolved to take refuge in Paris, though without money for preſent purpoſes, or hope for the future; without knowing how he and his family were to ſubſiſt, and without allowing himſelf to think on their unhappy condition.

But the determination of quitting the village of Fontette, the cradle of their anceſtors, was not more neceſſary than its execution was difficult. The youngeſt daughter, Marianne, could not yet walk;—

to

to carry her the whole length of the journey was impoſſible;—it was doing much to lead little Jeanne and her brother;—it therefore became neceſſary to abandon the unfortunate Marianne to the diſpoſal of Providence; and on this the father and mother reſolved.

There was at Fontette a farmer, named Durand, who had always ſhewn an attachment to the Baron's family. He was married, but had no children. He cultivated a few fields which he inherited from his father, and lived without ambition, in honeſt and happy mediocrity.

This good villager had often offered the Baron pecuniary assistance, which was sometimes accepted. He was Marianne's godfather; and the Baron knowing the goodness of his heart, and his affection for his little girl, hoped he would take care of her, and bring her up. It will be seen in the end that his expectation was not ill founded.

He determined on taking the advantage of the first dark night to abandon this innocent creature, and avoid, by flight, the prosecution carried on against him by his creditors. The hour arrived. The Baroness wrapped up Marianne,

and

and put her in her father's arms. He preſſed her to his boſom, kiſſed her, regretted the unhappy hour of her birth, and, ſhedding a torrent of tears, put her in a ruſh baſket, and ſuſpended her in that ſtate at Durand's window, when he and his family were faſt aſleep. He then returned to his lady, and they immediately ſet off, on foot, for the capital, with Jeanne and her brother by their ſides.

Our poor travellers met with nothing extraordinary on the road; they made ſhort ſtages, and in a few days arrived at Paris; but finding no employment, they left that

place,

place, and went to Boulogne, in the vicinity, where they were acquainted with the vicar.

This reſpectable eccleſiaſtic, an example to his brethren, was humble, affable, generous, and compaſſionate. He welcomed the unfortunate family with that affection and heartineſs which made part of his character. The Baron felt no reluctance in communicating to him the occaſions of his unhappineſs. He recounted his misfortunes, and confeſſed that his marriage, which he then repented, and had bluſhed for when it was too late, was the only reaſon that prevented

vented his ſoliciting the Court for ſome poſt which might enable him to live.

The Vicar, fearing he might humble the Baron, did not reproach him with his paſt conduct, but contented himſelf with giving him ſome advice for the future. He procured a lodging for him and his family near the vicarage, viſited them from time to time, and charitably defrayed a part of their expences. In the mean while the Baroneſs approached the time of her delivery, and brought a third daughter into the world, who lived but a few days.

She was not perfectly recovered, when the Baron, from being a prey to the keeneſt regret, began to yield to the weight of his misfortunes and fell ill. His life was ſoon in danger; he was conveyed to the Hotel Dieu in Paris, and there finiſhed his ſorrows in the year 1762, at the age of forty-four.

The death of the Baron de St. Remi did not violently affect his widow. She had never ſincerely loved him, nor did ſhe marry him but from intereſt and vanity, and to exerciſe a more complete authority over his mind. It was with unwillingneſs ſhe accompanied him when

when he left Fontette; and the different connections ſhe had formed there, ſtrongly prompted her to return, that ſhe might be free to renew them.

She expreſſed this deſire to the vicar, who could have no objection to her going, and who had the generoſity to give her money to provide for her neceſſities on the road. She therefore left Boulogne, took her ſon with her, and kept in her poſſeſſion ſuch of her huſband's papers as ſhe hoped would at ſome future period be uſeful to the young Baron.

Jeanne

Jeanne did not follow her mother. The curate, who thought he remarked that ſhe was well inclined, took her under his own care, and reſolved to bring her up carefully, and cultivate her underſtanding. She was therefore taught to read and write, and when of a proper age, put out an apprentice. In a very ſhort time ſhe could ſew and embroider perfectly well; and the Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers happening to ſee ſeveral pieces of her work, favoured her with her protection. Jeanne from that time became attached to that reſpectable lady; and now it was that this haughty girl, who could ill ſupport her

her being reduced to the probability of paſſing her life in obſcurity, began to make the firſt eſſay of that intriguing ſpirit, which afterwards brought on both her good fortune, and her diſgrace.

The Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers, whoſe name will always be her panegyric, was one of thoſe women who do honour to their ſex, and the age they live in. She poſſeſſed every virtue in an eminent degree, and among them that benevolence and affability which always gains the hearts of others.

Jeanne uſed every effort to conciliate the eſteem and friendſhip of her

her generous patroneſs; and when ſhe ſuppoſed ſhe had ſucceeded, ſhe affected by degrees to appear penſive and melancholy in her preſence. Sometimes deep ſighs were the marks of her unhappineſs, ſometimes a few tears. She took good care they ſhould be obſerved, and, in one word, ſtudied in all reſpects to appear a young woman overwhelmed with affliction.

Such apparent diſtreſs ſoon attracted the notice of Madame de Boulainvilliers, who deſired to be informed of the cauſe, with the view, if it were in her power, of affording conſolation.

Jeanne

Jeanne had well conſidered her reply, and that it might be certainly effectual, ſeemed at firſt unwilling to give it. The Marchioneſs inſiſted; Jeanne could no longer withſtand her ſolicitation; ſhe opened her heart, and broke ſilence. "You "are too good, Madam," ſaid ſhe, with downcaſt looks and ſighs, "to "condeſcend to notice my unhap-"pineſs. It is, alas! of a nature "that will admit of no alleviation. "I was not born, Madam, for the "ſtation I am now obliged to fill: "my anceſtors have occupied the "firſt places about the court; they "were not far from the throne it-"ſelf. Their origin is confounded

"with

" with that of our kings; the blood
" of the Valois runs in my veins,
" but, unhappy as I am, I inherit
" only the misfortune that perſe-
" cuted ſo conſtantly thoſe of my
" family who governed the French
" nation."

She then informed the Marchioneſs how her father's imprudence had diſſipated all the property they poſſeſſed; of his going to Paris, and of his dying there in the flower of his age in the Hotel Dieu. She related her own hiſtory from the time of her birth to the moment in which ſhe firſt knew Madame de Boulainvilliers, and added, that ſhe had

had heard nothing of her mother ſince ſhe left Boulogne, and was equally ignorant of the fate of her brother and ſiſter, though ſhe believed them to be ſtill at Fontette.

The Marchioneſs was much affected at this recital, and made uſe of the moſt perſuaſive arguments to give Jeanne comfort. From that moment the whole family were made to conſider her as the friend of Madame de Boulainvilliers. She intereſted herſelf much in Jeanne's behalf, dreſſed her in a manner ſuitable to her new condition, and promiſed to ſee her happily provided for. She wrote at the ſame time to

the

the Baroneſs de St. Remi, requeſting her to tranſmit the papers neceſſary to prove the illuſtrious birth of her ward; but the letter never came to hand: the Baroneſs had been gone many years from Fontette, and no one could tell what was become of her.

It may, perhaps, ſatisfy curioſity to give ſome account of her and her ſon, from the time they left the vicarage at Boulogne.

The Baroneſs, on her arrival at Fontette, ſought a renewal of her old acquaintance. Durand and her daughter were not the firſt ſhe went

to

to ſee; ſhe fell into her old way of life, and became as licentious as before her departure. Durand had given his god-daughter a place in his affections: both he and his wife were ſo attached to her, that they reſolved to repair, as far as they were able, the loſs of fortune ſhe had ſuffered from her parents, and leave her at their death the little wealth they poſſeſſed. They brought her up as their own, took her every day to the fields and the plough; and though they could not afford her a poliſhed education, or one ſuitable to her birth, they did not neglect to give her ſuch as they had themſelves received.

They well knew how far the Baroneſs had contributed to the ruin of her huſband; this overcame their eſteem for her, and prevented their ſorrow at her not coming to ſee them ſo often as was her duty; but it did not leſſen their attention to Marianne. The mother, while ſhe had any remains of youth, did not want for ruſtic admirers, who helped to ſupport her and her ſon. But time abated their ardour; ſhe ſaw herſelf neglected, and became more miſerable than ever.

About the time that ſhe was abandoned by her gallants, a ſcarcity of corn happened in Champagne,

pagne, and was in a manner general throughout France. Wheat roſe to an exorbitant price; and bread was not to be had. The Baroneſs and her ſon worked in the vineyards, for different people of Fontette, but as what they earned was ſcarcely ſufficient for their ſupport, they were reduced to the moſt alarming diſtreſs. The young Baron was growing into manhood, and ſeemed to have a deſire to go out into the world. His mother did not think proper, in ſuch circumſtances, to oppoſe his inclination, ſhe therefore reſolved on their parting, and to make a new trial of her own fortune at a diſtance from the village.

For this purpoſe, ſhe one morning collected all her huſband's papers, which ſhe had been prudent enough to take care of, and putting them in a ſmall tin box, ſhe thus addreſſed the Baron: "You ſee, "my ſon, that every year increaſes "our diſtreſs, and that it is impoſ- "ſible we ſhould live together. I "know you have a deſire to ſeek "your fortune, and though it af- "flicts me much to ſeparate from "you, it is become abſolutely ne- "ceſſary, for our common inte- "reſt, that I make this ſacrifice. "All your papers are in this box; "I give it into your hands; do not "open it, nor truſt it to any body,

"and

" and be very careful of it yourſelf,
" for it may on ſome future day,
" perhaps, be the means of your
" advancement. See your ſiſter
" before you go; take leave of her,
" and endeavour to earn your live-
" lihood elſewhere. I am, myſelf,
" going from this place, which has
" been too long the witneſs of our
" miſery. Fortune will, I hope,
" at laſt grow weary of oppoſing
" us, and the time will come
" when we ſhall ſee better days."
With theſe words ſhe embraced her ſon, and ſent him to ſee his ſiſter; but, without waiting for his return, ſhe made up a ſmall parcel of linen and neceſſaries, threw it on her

ſhoulder, and quitting the village, left no one the power of ſaying which way ſhe went.

The young Baron ſaw Marianne, and informed her of what had juſt paſſed between his mother and himſelf. She burſt into tears at the account, and ran with Durand and her brother to her mother's houſe; but ſhe was gone, and it was in vain they endeavoured to find where.

The good Durand did all in his power to conſole his god-daughter and her brother, and would not permit him to depart without money to ſupport him on his journey, nor without

without adviſing him to be prudent, and uſe his endeavours to get an honeſt livelihood. He put twelve livres * in his purſe, gave him two of his beſt ſhirts, and then left him to his deſtiny. Marianne ſaw her brother as far as Bar ſur Aube.—They there wept over their misfortunes, took a moſt endearing leave of each other, and ſeparated; the ſiſter returning to Fontette, the brother purſuing his journey.

The Baron made no ſtop till he arrived at Toulon; his purſe was there exhauſted, and as he knew

* A livre is ten-pence.

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not what courſe to follow, he entered as cabin-boy, on board the firſt ſhip that would receive him, where he contented himſelf with his condition, as the beſt within his reach, and was an example to his companions by the diligence of his application.

Our young cabin-boy called himſelf Valois, which the Marquis de Courci one day hearing, was ſtruck with the name, and interrogated him as to his country. Valois told him he was born at Fontette, in Champagne; that his father was a nobleman who had ſpent all his fortune; " and as for myſelf," added he,

he, "I have been fatherleſs from "my infancy, without any reſource, "or ever having the means of ſup- "porting myſelf, till I entered into "my preſent condition." — "Is "what you tell me true?" replied the Marquis. "It is, Sir," ſaid Valois, "I do not deceive you, and "I have ſome papers which would "put the matter beyond all doubt, "if it were in my power to ſhew "them."—"Where are your pa- "pers?" ſaid the Marquis. "I "ſhould be glad to examine them." —"I am not at liberty to allow "you, Sir," anſwered the cabin-boy, "when I left my mother, her "laſt words were, that I ſhould not

" truſt them with any one."—The Marquis perſiſted; but the boy was poſitive in refuſing to give up his dear box. The Marquis at laſt grew angry, and told him to take his choice, either of permitting him to read his papers, which he promiſed at the ſame time to reſtore, or to loſe his place, for that there was no medium. Such a menace admitted of no heſitation; the Baron choſe rather to deliver his papers than riſque the want of bread by the loſs of his place. He gave them to the Marquis, who retired to examine the contents at leiſure, in his chamber, and it was not without the greateſt aſtoniſhment he found that

that what Valois had told him was true: nor without the deepeſt reflection on the caprice of Fortune, who ſometimes abaſes thoſe that ſhould fill the firſt ſtations, while ſhe takes from the very refuſe of the people, men that ſeemed deſtined never to emerge from obſcurity, and raiſes them to the very pinnacle of grandeur.

The Baron's misfortunes made a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind of the Marquis, and he immediately reſolved to leſſen them. "My friend," ſaid he, giving him his papers, "your ſtation here is not that which "you ought to fill: it is a duty you

" owe yourſelf to aſpire to one more " honourable. You muſt no longer " be cabin-boy; conform your- " ſelf to my good wiſhes, be pru- " dent: on theſe conditions I will " charge myſelf with your advance- " ment, and endeavour to promote " your happineſs." It would be impoſſible to deſcribe with ſufficient force the ſurprize and different emotions that by turns roſe in the ſoul of the Baron. He threw himſelf at the feet of the Marquis, ſeized his hands, mingled kiſſes with tears of joy and gratitude; tried to ſpeak, but his voice faltered, and his agitation left him only the expreſſion of his eyes, and the tranſports of a heart

heart that felt all the kindneſs of his protector.

The Marquis de Courci enjoyed the higheſt pleaſure of a thinking man, that of making another happy. He raiſed Valois with kindneſs, ordered all his ſuite to treat him with reſpect, dreſſed him at his own expence, procured him the neceſſary maſters, and made him paſs through the different inferior ranks of the navy, that he might be able to command in future with prudence and diſcernment. The Baron, impelled by motives of glory and gratitude, made a rapid progreſs. In a ſhort time, his underſtanding

derſtanding was much improved, and he gave marks of valour and diſcretion, which gained him univerſal reſpect and eſteem.

Things were in this order when the Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers, impatient at not having received any anſwer to the letter ſhe had written to the Baroneſs, judged it neceſſary to ſend a ſecond to the curate of Fontette. Jeanne requeſted him at the ſame time to incloſe her a certificate of her baptiſm, and the beſt account in his power, of her mother, brother, and ſiſter.

The curate tranſmitted the certificate, and informed Jeanne, whom we

we ſhall henceforth call Mademoiſelle de Valois, that her mother and brother had diſappeared many years ago, and no one could tell what was become of them; but that Marianne was ſtill with Durand, who continued to be a father to her.

This account tended leſs to conſole than to afflict Mademoiſelle de Valois. It occaſioned a conſiderable delay, or rather fruſtrated the ſucceſs of her vaſt projects.— Without the important papers of which ſhe ſtood in need, the good intentions of Madame de Boulainvilliers became ineffectual. Mademoiſelle de Valois' ambi-

ambition was unbounded. Though ſhe wanted nothing in the houſe of her benefactreſs, ſhe had formed ideas of happineſs much higher than what ſhe then enjoyed, and hoped to realiſe them if ſhe could once be acknowledged a deſcendant of the race of Valois.

This object filled her mind, ſhe wrote every where, and cauſed the ſtricteſt enquiry to be made after the retreat of her mother, but without ſucceſs. She was inconſolable that there ſhould be an obſtacle to the execution of her deſires, and had relinquiſhed the hope of ſeeing her wiſhes accompliſhed, when chance revived

revived the expectation; which her want of ſucceſs had ſeemed to have baniſhed for ever.

The Marquis de Courci correſponded with Madame de Boulainvilliers; he communicated the anecdote of the Baron, informed her of the particulars of his hiſtory, and ſuggeſted the intention he had of bringing him to town, to preſent him to his Majeſty. The Marchioneſs was delighted with this good news, but reſolved to diſcover no part of it to her ward. She wiſhed to ſurprize her with a ſudden view of her brother and ſiſter, the latter of whom ſhe intended

ſending

ſending for from Fontette, and meant, with the Marquis de Courci, and ſome particular friends, to enjoy the tender ſcene of the meeting of the three Valois.

Madame de Boulainvilliers wrote for this purpoſe to the Marquis de Courci, to know exactly the time of his return, which by his anſwer was fixed at two months after. In the mean time, ſhe wrote to Durand, and incloſed him a draft for 25 louis, on the receiver of the taxes at Bar ſur-Aube, that he might undertake a convenient journey with his god-daughter to Paris; gave him directions where to bring her; aſſured

ed him of her intention to provide for her, and promiſed to reward him for the eſſential ſervices he had rendered her.

It was time that ſuch a letter as this, from the Marchioneſs, ſhould be received. Durand and his wife found themſelves going old; and thinking their little girl had no ſupport but themſelves, were fearful of dying before they could eſtabliſh her, and that ſhe would be left to her own management.

They had already remarked that ſhe appeared attached to one of their neighbours, a young farmer in good cir-

circumſtances, who ſufficiently underſtood his profeſſion. Durand did not heſitate to conſent to his propoſal of marrying her; and they were on the point of being united, when the letter from the Marchioneſs came to ſet aſide the project of ſo unequal an alliance.

In any other circumſtances, all Marianne could have wiſhed would now have been completed. The letter, far from giving her joy, occaſioned her much trouble. It was neceſſary to refuſe the hand of Colas, for ſo her lover was called, and abandon for ever the pleaſure they had both had from their infancy, of ſeeing each

each other every day. Marianne could not reconcile herſelf to this unhappy ſeparation. She threw herſelf at Durand's feet, " I will " not leave you;" ſaid ſhe, " you " have brought me up as your " daughter, I have conſidered you " as my father: let me have the " ſatisfaction of living with you.— " I love Colas, whom you have " taught me to look on as my huſ- " band.—How does this bind me " to the place where I am! Will " another make me more content- " ed? I cannot ſuppoſe it.—Do " not take me to Paris; ſend back " the letter to the lady, and give " her no other anſwer. Let her

" keep

" keep her money and her pro-
" miſes; whatever may be her good
" will, ſhe never can procure for
" me the happineſs I ſhall loſe, if
" I leave Fontette."

Sincerity is no where ſo common as in villages. Marianne knew not how to conceal her way of thinking; ſhe had not yet imbibed in a city the poiſon of diſſimulation; candour dwelt on her lips; her words were the expreſſion of her ſentiments. She was not then aſhamed of a virtuous inclination; on the contrary, ſhe found ſatisfaction in avowing it. Durand had ſeen Marianne's love for Colas ſpringing in her

her heart, and ſhe hoped by reminding him of the approbation he had given it, to overcome his deſign of conducting her to Paris; but ſhe was deceived.

Durand had good ſenſe. He knew he was not at liberty to diſpoſe of his god-daughter, when ſhe had found a protectreſs in a lady of ſuch rank as the Marchioneſs, and he therefore did not encourage her hopes, that he would change his intention. He choſe rather to employ every moment to remove her objections, ſo that at laſt ſhe conſented to the journey ſhe had before

ſo

ſo ſtrongly expreſſed her diſlike to undertake.

If news circulates rapidly in cities, how much ſooner does it find a way in the country. Two days had not elapſed, when every body at Fontette, and in its environs, knew that Marianne was going to Paris, and that a lady of quality intended to take care of her, and make her fortune.

The following anecdote was told on the occaſion, but we do not pledge ourſelves that it is authentic.

The

The lady of the manor of Fontette had a lawſuit depending in Parliament, which very much concerned her intereſts. She thought, it poſſible for Madame de Boulainvilliers to be of ſome uſe to her with the judges, and in order to ſecure a claim to her influence, ſhe deſigned to take Marianne to Paris, and preſent her to this lady.

She took the advantage of Durand's abſence, who was gone to Bar ſur Aube to buy clothes for his god-daughter, and prepare for her journey; ſhe took Marianne to her own houſe, though ſhe had never before deſigned to ſhew her any at-

tention, ſtripped her of her homely clothes, dreſſed her elegantly, and kept her with her. When Durand learnt, on his return, where Marianne was, he went and demanded her. " Your god-daughter," ſaid the lady, " remains here, I intend " myſelf to conduct her to Paris, ſo " be not uneaſy on her account." Durand inſiſted on Marianne's going home with him. " Good God," exclaimed ſhe, " you put me out " of all patience; go, go, good " man, what would you do with " Mademoiſelle de St. Remi ?" " Madam," replied he, " what " would you have done with her " two days ago ?" He did not wait

wait for an anſwer, but taking his god-daughter by the arm, brought her from the lady's to his own houſe, and ſent back to Madame de Fontette the rich clothes ſhe had beſtowed on her.

Poor Colas was not among the laſt who learnt the news of Marianne's approaching departure. He went directly to Durand's, where he found it confirmed. "Will you "leave me, then?" ſaid he, "am I "not to call you mine? When we "are on the eve of being united "for ever, will you go to live far "from me? Marianne, I would "give up all the riches in the

" world to poſſeſs you, are you not
" capable of making the ſame ſa-
" crifice? Does the parade of for-
" tune dazzle you? you may find
" men who will call themſelves
" your lovers, but they will never
" be conſtant as I have been, nor
" ever love you as I do." Mari-
anne was going to reply, but Du-
rand did not give her time. " If
you," ſaid he to Colas, " ſincerely
" love my god-daughter, as I do
" not doubt you do, you will pre-
" fer her proſperity to your happi-
" neſs; you will encourage her to
" her duty, and obey, without
" murmuring, the commands of
" Madame de Boulainvilliers. It
" is

" is without doubt painful to you
" to loſe the hope of obtaining her
" hand; but, when I conſent to
" part with her, ought you not to
" imitate the painful ſacrifice I
" make? Marianne is no longer
" able to unite her condition with
" your's, but you will always have
" her friendſhip, and who knows
" that the day will not come, when
" ſhe may procure you that fortune,
" which ſhe would never have been
" able to do, had ſhe become your
" wife."

It was thus Marianne's godfather endeavoured to conſole the unfortunate Colas, and induce Made-

moiſelle de Saint Remi to act with prudence and reſolution. To ſave both of them the pain of an afflicting ſeparation, he did not let Marianne know the exact time of her departure. When it arrived, he pretended he had occaſion to go with her to Bar ſur Aube, to ſettle ſome previous buſineſs. She accompanied him, and from thence he conducted her to Paris. Mademoiſelle de Valois was not informed of the arrival of her brother and ſiſter. The vaſt ſchemes of her ambition, which ſhe believed ſhe ſhould remain incapable of putting in execution, and the ſmall appearance of ſucceſs which attend-

ed

ed her endeavours, had a little impaired her health, and ſhe was gone with Meſdemoiſelles de Boulainvilliers, with the hope of re-eſtabliſhing it in the country, when her ſiſter arrived at the Marchioneſs's houſe in Paris.

It is not eaſy to have an idea of the kind reception Marianne and her godfather met with, which was more particularly ſhewn, in the condeſcenſion of the Marchioneſs to admit the latter to her table.

A ſmall digreſſion will I hope be pardoned. Some of our *petits maitres* of Paris will, without doubt,

think it ſingular, that the Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers allowed Durand, a poor farmer, to eat with her. But let theſe gentlemen remember that it is not rank in life which elevates human nature; but virtue, dignity of ſentiment, the beſt and only true nobility. Durand was humane and compaſſionate; he had been the guardian of Marianne; had been a father to her, and depended on no recompence but the conſciouſneſs of having done well; and theſe were his qualifications for ſitting at the table of the Marchioneſs, who knew how to value and cheriſh a man of virtue, in whatever rank Providence had placed him.

To

To reward ſuch merit ſhe obtained for him a licence to ſell ſalt and tobacco in the village of Fontette, kept him ſeveral days at her houſe; and when he went away, preſented him with a purſe in which were upwards of fifty louisd'or.

She dreſſed Marianne in the clothes of one of her daughters, and procured her whatever ſhe thought would divert or entertain her. The young woman was ſoon borne away by it; vanity and coquetry took poſſeſſion of her mind; the faithful Colas was ſoon forgotten; ſhe ſent him not one kind word by Durand, not even the ſlighteſt remembrance, and ſaw her god-father take his

leave, with a firmneſs and indifference, viſible to the old man, and which were the firſt ſymptoms of her ingratitude.

Marianne had been a week with the Marchioneſs, when a note was received from the Marquis de Courci, informing that lady of his arrival in Paris, and begging to know when he ſhould preſent young Valois. The Marchioneſs returned an immediate anſwer, and appointed the afternoon of the ſame day.

She ſent her carriage at the ſame time to bring Mademoiſelle de Valois, and her daughters, to town, pretend-

pretending ſhe could not diſpenſe with giving an entertainment, at which it was neceſſary they ſhould be preſent. Marianne had not been informed that her ſiſter was in the ſame family, or that the Marchioneſs knew any thing of her; and had conſequently no ſuſpicion of the agreeable ſurprize that was preparing for her. Madame de Boulainvilliers took her to a retired apartment of the hotel, and detained her there on different pretences, till her ſiſter arrived from the country. Mademoiſelle de Valois and the young ladies ſoon returned, and when the firſt ſalutations were over, the Marchioneſs ſent for her friends,

and informed the Marquis de Courci that ſhe was ready to receive him. No time was loſt; the Marquis was announced; " and now," ſaid Madame de Boulainvilliers, addreſſing Mademoiſelle de Valois, " you ſhall ſee the entertainment I " promiſed you." At theſe words the folding doors were thrown open, and Valois entered. Marianne appeared on the oppoſite ſide; and there, for the firſt time, after a ſeparation of fifteen years, met the children of the Baron de St. Remi.

Marianne's looks were firſt fixed on her brother; they knew each other; they were tranſported with joy

joy and aſtoniſhment. My brother! my ſiſter! oh heaven! is not this a dream? My dear Valois! my dear Marianne!—they flew to each other's arms. At the name of Valois, the elder ſiſter gave a ſhriek, and ran towards them: tears and exclamations were the ſigns of their mutual affection; they threw themſelves at the feet of the Marchioneſs, called her their mother, their guardian angel, and wanted words to expreſs their gratitude. The ſpectators beheld them with admiration. The Marchioneſs enjoyed happineſs without allay; it was the brighteſt day of her life, the triumph of beneficence and humanity.

When

When nature had enjoyed her rights, and the firſt moments of ſurpriſe had yielded to the calm of reaſon, the company requeſted the children of the Baron de Saint Remi to repeat their different adventures. The recital excited the moſt lively concern in their auditors; the praiſes given the Marquis de Courci, and the Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers, were unbounded, and they both promiſed not to leave imperfect the work they had ſo happily begun.

The arrival of the Baron revived the hopes of Mademoiſelle de Valois; ſhe aſked him for the papers, which ſhe preſented to the Marchioneſs,

chioneſs, and that lady, in concert with the Marquis de Courci, got a genealogical memorial drawn up of the family of St. Remi, which Mademoiſelle de Valois wiſhed to have preſented to his Majeſty, as the means of obtaining his favour and ſupport. The memorial was ſhewn to Monſieur Maurepas. Madame de Boulainvilliers uſed her intereſt with that miniſter, and by her recommendation he ſpoke of it to the King, who expreſſed a deſire to ſee the Baron.

When he was preſented, his Majeſty aſked him if he wiſhed to devote himſelf to the church. "Sire," replied

replied the brave ſeaman, " to ſerve " one's King is to ſerve one's God." The auguſt monarch was pleaſed with the anſwer, and that he might be able to continue in the ſervice, ordered him a penſion of eight hundred livres (about 33l. ſterling).

His Majeſty did not confine himſelf to this teſtimony of his munificence. The two ſiſters received the ſame penſion, and the Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers placed them ſucceſſively in different convents, to complete their education.

The Baron was made Lieutenant. His valour, and his merit ſecured him

him a rapid promotion; he was honoured with the Croſs of St. Louis, when only twenty-eight, and has ſince continued worthy of the benevolent attention his Majeſty condeſcended to ſhew him.

When Marianne had paſſed ſome time at the abbey at Longchamps near Paſſy, was a little poliſhed, and had acquired what is called good breeding, ſhe began to get tired of her recluſe way of living. Her ſiſter was not more ſatisfied to find herſelf confined to the narrow circle of a convent; they were in ſhort diſguſted, and reſolved to take up their reſidence at Bar-ſur-Aube, where

where they hoped to make a more brilliant appearance. They formed the moſt flattering ideas of the part they there propoſed to act. They did not doubt that their birth would give them great conſequence, and that they ſhould receive the adulation of the firſt people in that ſmall place.

To execute this project the more eaſily, they made Madame de B. believe, in her frequent viſits, that their father at his death was in poſſeſſion of ſome landed property in the neighbourhood of Fontette, which different people had appropriated to themſelves, and that their preſence

preſence was neceſſary at Bar-ſur-Aube, where they might eaſily diſcover the detainers of their property, and make them reſtore it. The Marchioneſs was prevailed on, and ſhe conſented to their departure.

The Marchioneſs was acquainted at Bar-ſur-Aube, with Madame Clauſſe de Suremont, wife of the Prevoſt of the town. She recommended them to this lady, and begged her to counſel and direct them in all their undertakings.

Madame de Suremont, out of regard for the Marchioneſs, welcomed

comed the daughters of the Baron de Saint Remi with much kindneſs, and introduced them to all the company in the place. The young ladies were perfectly well received every where, though it is true that a great ſhare of the civilities they met with was due to curioſity, and that they did not eſcape taunts and criticiſm. The conduct of their father, that of their mother, and their own adventures, were canvaſſed without mercy.

Meſdemoiſelles de Valois, ſatisfied with the agreeable way in which they paſſed their time, did not ſeem to perceive the cenſure caſt on them,

and

and treated ſcandal as if below their notice.

Among the perſons the two ſiſters viſited at Bar-ſur-Aube, Madame de la Motte, widow of an officer of the Gendarmes, was the lady whoſe acquaintance they cultivated the moſt intimately.

This lady had a ſon in the ſame *corps* in which her huſband had ſerved. The young man coming from Luneville to paſs ſome months with his mother, became acquainted with Mademoiſelle de Valois, and fell in love with her. Although neither his birth, rank, nor fortune,

entitled

entitled him to pretend to her hand, it was not long ere he declared his paſſion to the young lady. This confeſſion gave no offence. He was tall, of an agreeable countenance, witty, gay, and ſprightly, and ſoon met with a return to his love.

Myſtery is the uſual companion of the tender paſſion. Mademoiſelle de Valois, and young le Motte, took care to conceal their mutual inclination; they affected to meet very ſeldom in public; but ſecret interviews made ample amends for this conſtraint.

The Gendarme de la Motte joined

joined Mademoiſelle de Valois wherever ſhe was alone; he watched all favourable opportunities, and followed her even in the moments of greateſt privacy. A ſeat little convenient, in a cloſet little agreeable to one of the ſenſes, was the altar on which they offered their firſt ſacrifice to love.

While our two lovers were enjoying their ſtolen pleaſures in peace and ſilence, a ſcene, at the ſame time both comic and diſagreeable, paſſed at Madame de Suremont's; and, by its conſequences, prevented their ſeeing each other ſo often as they would have wiſhed.

wiſhed. The reader recollects that Colas had been the lover of Marianne, now Mademoiſelle de Saint Remi, and that ſhe had not altogether diſdained his homage; nor had abſence been able to baniſh love from the ruſtick's breaſt. Hearing at Fontette that his miſtreſs was at Bar-ſur-Aube, at Madame de Suremont's, he haſted thither, accoſted one of the ſervants, and aſked to ſee Marianne. The ſervant reprimanded him a little ſharply for his ruſticity: "Mademoiſelle "de Saint Remi, you mean," ſaid he: "Mademoiſelle de Saint Re-"mi, if you will," replied Colas "ſhe is ſtill my Marianne; ſhe

"was

" was my ſweetheart; I knew her
" before ſhe was a lady."

The ſervant, either through ſtupidity, or an inclination to miſchief, conducted him to an apartment where Mademoiſelle de Saint Remi was in company with Madame de Suremont, and ſeveral other perſons, and there repeated word for word what the young countryman had ſaid.

Colas, on his part, laying aſide all ceremony, and letting his joy get the better of every other conſideration, threw his arms round his miſtreſs's neck, and hugging her

very affectionately, " My dear " Marianne," ſaid he, " how happy " am I to ſee you! have you been " faithful to me? have you thought " ſometimes of Colas? Is your love " like mine, as great as ever?" Mademoiſelle de Saint Remi did not give him time to finiſh his ſpeech, but, covered with bluſhes, and carried beyond all bounds by her anger, ſhe puſhed him back, called him an inſolent beggarly fellow, and giving him a box on the ear, ordered him inſtantly to leave the apartment.

Madame de Suremont, full of indignation at the ill-placed pride of

of Mademoiſelle de Saint Remi, and the ill-treatment Colas met with, gave her in her turn a box on the ear before the whole company, and reprimanded her ſeverely for her behaviour to a man whom ſhe would formerly have been glad to make her huſband. She then tried to prevail on Colas to ſtay, but he refuſed, withdrew, and when in the court-yard, "Oh! my God," ſaid he, "how proſperity changes "people, and makes us forget our "love! The ungrateful creature! "ſhe no longer remembers when "we went to the fields together, "and *tumbled on the graſs*; *ſhe has* "*forgot it all.*"

Theſe laſt words did not eſcape notice; they were repeated in the different circles at Bar-ſur-Aube, and malice drew inferences from them, perhaps true, perhaps falſe.

The departure of Colas did not put an end to the diſpute, for Mademoiſelle de St. Remi, enraged at the blow ſhe had received from Madame de Suremont, broke out into reproaches and abuſe, and concluded by telling her that, not being her ward, ſhe was determined to retire to a convent, whither ſhe invited her ſiſter to accompany her.

Mademoiſelle

Mademoiſelle de Valois, equally incenſed, would have followed her willingly, if circumſtances had not been an obſtacle; but conſidering that if ſhe quitted Madame de Suremont, ſhe ſhould no longer have it in her power to receive young De la Motte's viſits ſo freely as before, and that their love would ſuffer by it; ſhe determined therefore to diſſemble her anger.

Inſtead of embracing the propoſal, ſhe tried to make up matters, and endeavoured to act the part of mediatrix; but her ſiſter was too firm in her reſentment, and would not hear of a reconciliation. She

went as boarder to the convent of *Urſuline* nuns, and Mademoiſelle de Valois continued to live with Madame de Suremont.

This unlucky adventure laid her however under great conſtraint, and prevented her going out ſo often as ſhe had been accuſtomed to do. She was obliged to keep Madame de Suremont company, and paſſed whole days in her preſence. The Gendarme de la Motte was by no means pleaſed at this, and the ſeizing of a favourable quarter of an hour to converſe in private with his miſtreſs, coſt him infinite pains, care, and precaution.

In

In conſequence, when chance procured him an interview of a few inſtants, he did not loſe his time, but, as it ſoon appeared, made himſelf ample amends for his trouble.

This conſtraint did not make Mademoiſelle de Valois grow thinner. Thanks to love, the rotundity of her ſhape increaſed to ſuch a degree, that being no longer able to conceal it, ſhe was obliged to confeſs ſhe had taſted the pleaſures of love.

De la Motte undertook to be the bearer of this news to his mother,

which was by no means pleaſing to the good lady. Indeed, having ſcarcely the means of ſubſiſting herſelf, ſhe was obliged to borrow money to ſupport her ſon in his *corps*, and Mademoiſelle de Valois' eight hundred livres, (thirty-three pounds) a year, were not ſufficient to make him a man of fortune; however, it was neceſſary to marry them, though it was the ſame thing as marrying hunger and thirſt.

The affair was delicate and embarraſſing. It was not poſſible to avoid giving notice of the marriage to Madame de Boulainvilliers, who was a mother to Mademoiſelle de Valois,

Valois, and whoſe conſent it was neceſſary to obtain; though her giving it was a matter of doubt.

In this conjuncture, Madame de la Motte did not loſe time in fruitleſs reproaches and repreſentations; but haſtening to Madame de Suremont's, ſhe communicated the unpleaſant news to that lady, and at the ſame time begged her advice and aſſiſtance.

Madame de Suremont, not a little ſurpriſed at what ſhe heard, ſent for Mademoiſelle de Valois, queſtioned her on the ſubject, and drew from her own mouth a confeſſion of her

weakneſs, which the young lady avowed with bluſhes and downcaſt eyes.

As ſhe was familiar with falſehood, her confuſion did not deprive her of her preſence of mind: ſhe decided at once on what was to be done, and ſeeing Madame de Suremont, and Madame de la la Motte undetermined, communicated to them a project, without doubt the offspring of meditation, which was approved of, and immediately put in execution.

It was reſolved that Mademoiſelle de Valois, and Madame de Suremont

mont in concert, ſhould write to the Marchioneſs, and aſk her conſent to the intended marriage, but without acquainting her with the reaſons that made it neceſſary.

Monſieur de la Motte was repreſented to Madame de Boulainvilliers, as a young man of condition, and great expectations. This was altogether a falſity: he did not poſſeſs a livre, and was far from being of a genteel family; however, Madame de Suremont's word was taken; the Marchioneſs conſented to the marriage; the celebration of it followed, and Mademoiſelle de Valois' honour was repaired.

Though the ceremony put Madame de Valois de la Motte, or de la Motte Valois (the name by which ſhe has ſince become ſo famous) out of the reach of reproach, it did not put her out of the reach of indigence.

Her huſband, in the marriage articles, had made his fortune amount to the ſum of ſix thouſand livres (two hundred and fifty pounds;) but it conſiſted without doubt in a mortgage on the fogs of the river Marne, or on the cannon-ball that killed his father at Minden, for he never found means to touch either principal or intereſt.

However,

However, he carried his wife with him to Luneville; but, as he was fond of grandeur and expence, and, like a well-educated young man of fashion, had contracted considerable debts, he was soon after sued, and on the point of being arrested for the sum of twelve hundred livres, which it was not in his power to pay.

In this extremity Monsieur de la Motte and his wife determined to leave Luneville; and learning that Madame de Boulainvilliers was at Saverne, followed her thither. They discloſed to her their poverty; excited her compaſſion; and this lady, whoſe

whoſe goodneſs and generoſity were exceſſive, ſupplied them with money to pay their creditors, and introduced them to the Cardinal de Rohan, to whom they related a part of their adventures in a very pathetic manner.

This Prince, induced by the recommendation of the Marchioneſs, and touched by the recital of Madame de la Motte Valois, promiſed his intereſt to the young couple, and indeed made uſe of it effectually in favour of Monſieur de la Motte, obtaining for him a penſion of fifteen hundred livres, in conſideration of his father's ſervices.

In

In the grant of the penſion he was diſtinguiſhed by the title of Count. He had not, it is true, been previouſly ennobled: however, it was the ſame thing; he found himſelf freed at once from all his plebeian blood, and raiſed to a rank ſomething above that of a private gentleman.

In this manner fortune ſeemed to ſmile on him, and would probably have continued to be propitious, if, poſſeſſed of more honeſty and leſs ambition, he had not ruined himſelf by the very means he employed for his elevation.

After

After having received these marks of benevolence from Madame de Boulainvilliers, and the Cardinal de Rohan, the new Count de la Motte and his wife returned to Luneville, and paid their debts. He then obtain a certificate of his service, which had been refused while he was unable to acquit himself of his obligations to his landlords, tradesmen, workmen, &c.

He passed a part of the autumn with his wife, in the midst of pleasure and enjoyment. All the Gendarmes were eager to pay their court to the Countess, and her husband partook of the joy she diffused among his comrades.

Every

Every thing went on perfectly well, till the ſickneſs of Madame de Boulainvilliers diſturbed the happineſs of the fond couple. They heard ſhe was dangerouſly ill, and were alarmed for her life; for in loſing her, all hopes of fortune were at an end. They ſet off inſtantly for Paris, and arrived there only in time to cloſe her eyes.

The reſpectable Marchioneſs, who had foreſeen from the beginning of her illneſs, that ſhe ſhould not get the better of it, was ſorry to leave the world before ſhe had made a certain proviſion for her favourite, Madame de la Motte, and deſired the

Baron

Baron de Cruſſol, her ſon-in-law, to procure a commiſſion for the Count her huſband, in the Count d'Artois' life guards.

The Baron de Cruſſol, out of reſpect for the laſt wiſhes of his mother-in-law, obtained for the Count the poſt he ſolicited.

It was about this time that Madame de la Motte, being at Verſailles, went to ſee the apartments of the Palace, and advanced as far as thoſe of the Counteſs d'Artois, where that Princeſs then was. Madame de la Motte, endeavouring to withdraw, ſlipped in the guard-room, fell down,

down, and fainted away. As ſhe was big with child, her fall was attended with dangerous conſequences. She was carried to the apartments of a lady of the court, and was obliged to be delivered, as ſoon as ſhe recovered from her ſwoon. The Princeſs was affected at this accident. She ordered her, out of goodneſs and compaſſion, to be attended by her own phyſicians, and gave her ſeveral ſums of money, which were ſoon laviſhed away.

With an honourable poſt, ſome kind of rank to keep up, an extravagant wife to ſupport, and not a livre to defray the moſt neceſſary expences,

expences, (for the penſions had been conſtantly received in advance, and had even been ſold a little before) the Count de la Motte could not be otherwiſe than in a pitiable ſituation.

The Counteſs bore her poverty much more patiently than her huſband, and as ſhe was of an intriguing diſpoſition, reſolved to apply to the Cardinal de Rohan.

She reminded this prelate of the promiſes he had been pleaſed to make her at Saverne; implored his charity, and ſolicited pecuniary aſſiſtance, which his humanity put it out

out of his power to refuſe. As her firſt application had ſucceeded to her ſatisfaction, ſhe often repeated her demands, and always obtained new marks of her benefactor's generoſity.

The preſents which ſhe and her huſband received from his highneſs, were doubtleſs more than ſufficient to enable them to live in an honourable manner, had they been prudent. However, Madame de la Motte did not find them equal to her deſires, and imagined they would have been ſtill more abundant, if the Count de Caglioſtro, in whom the Prince had much confidence, and who may be ſaid to have directed

rected his actions, had not, as ſhe ſuppoſed, adviſed him to ſet bounds to his liberality.

Though this was a mere ſuſpicion, it ſufficed to make the Counteſs conceive the ſtrongeſt antipathy againſt the Count de Caglioſtro: ſhe left no means untried to ruin him in the Cardinal's opinion; but finding ſhe could not ſucceed, ſhe concealed her hatred, and formed ſecret ſchemes of vengeance, conſtantly ſeeking an opportunity to put them in execution.

If Madame de la Motte and her partiſans may be believed, Caglioſtro

is no better than a viſionary impoſtor, who pretended to have found the philoſopher's ſtone, and who, the better to impoſe on the Cardinal de Rohan's credulity, diſſolved a quantity of gold, conveyed it dexterouſly into a crucible, and took it thence to ſhow it to the Prince, as of his own fabrication. The Prince, deceived by this ſtratagem, figured to himſelf that the Alchemiſt was one of thoſe beings who watch over the happineſs of mortals, and who, as a ſpecial favour, deigned to make himſelf viſible in the ſhape of a man. The Cardinal's veneration was much increaſed by the aſſurance Caglioſtro gave him, that he poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed the precious ſecret of prolonging life, much beyond its uſual limits, making him believe, at the ſame time, that he had been preſent with Alexander at the battle of Arbela, and with our Saviour at the marriage at Cana.

The liberality, or the charity of the Cardinal, (call it which you will) ſoon enabled the Count and Counteſs de la Motte to make ſome little figure in the world.

They ſelected for their acquaintance, ſcheming people like themſelves, dignified at little coſt, with the moſt elevated titles, which they changed

changed as they found it neceſſary, all of them calling themſelves either Marquis, Baron, or Count.

Among them was Retaux de Villette, of Bar ſur Aube, a proud conceited fop, who was come to diſplay his pretended abilities in the capital, after having been turned out of decent company, in a ſmall country town, and having received a box on the ear, at a ball, where he had had the inſolence to inſult a young lady of quality, in the preſence of her father and mother.

Mademoiſelle Guai d'Oliva, was likewiſe of the number, a young

ambling nymph, who made a public traffick of her charms; who was better acquainted with the human body, than a profeſſor of anatomy; and who was ſo ſkilled in natural philoſophy, that even at the Baſtille, ſhe gave ſpeaking proofs of her incontinence.

Among them alſo was a quondam cobler, of the city of Troyes, a couſin of the Counteſs de la Motte. This man was ſometimes permitted, as a favour, to eat in private at her table.

In ſhort their acquaintance was compoſed of a conſiderable number of

of people of both ſexes, of all conditions, and of all profeſſions, of demi-reps, kept women, intriguing monks, ruined officers, lawyers without cauſes, and tradeſmen without ſhops, &c. &c.

In the company of theſe adventurers, the Count and Counteſs de la Motte grew more determined in thoſe ambitious projects, which were the ſource of all their misfortunes.

Meſſieurs Boehmer and Baſſange were in poſſeſſion of a rich diamond necklace, which it is ſaid, had belonged to the Counteſs du Barri. Empowered to ſell it, they had for-

merly offered it for purchaſe to the King and Queen, but their Majeſties, economical guardians of the riches of the ſtate, had prudently anſwered the jewellers, *that they were more in want of a ſhip of the line than of a necklace.* In conſequence, Meſſieurs Boehmer and Baſſange had kept the necklace, to diſpoſe of it at ſome more favourable opportunity.

The Counteſs de la Motte, and her huſband, thinking they could eaſily appropriate it to themſelves, and determining to be rich, whatever were the means, did not heſitate to commit the moſt deteſtable and moſt perfidious action, and to repay,

repay, with ingratitude, the bounties of the Cardinal, to whom they were, in a manner, indebted for their exiſtence.

The Counteſs well knew the diſpoſition of the Prelate: ſhe knew he was too candid, and too credulous to ſuſpect any one of a deſign upon him, and that he would readily fall into the ſnare ſhe purpoſed laying.

The Cardinal had the misfortune to be in diſgrace with the Queen: he lamented it, and would have ſacrificed his whole fortune to recover the good will of her Majeſty. Ma-

dame de la Motte was acquainted with this, and as the circumſtance appeared favourable to her deſign, determined to take advantage of it.

The artful Counteſs hired an apartment at Verſailles, and paſſed ſome time there without ſeeing his Eminence, who was gone to make ſome ſtay at Saverne.

On the firſt viſit ſhe made him after his return, ſhe informed him, that ſhe was honoured with the favour of her Majeſty.

The Queen, ſaid ſhe, loads me with favours, and deigns to give me

me a ſhare of her confidence. I know that her Majeſty is prejudiced againſt you by the enemies of your family, but your Eminence may be aſſured that I ſhall be overjoyed, if I have ſufficient intereſt with her, to reſtore you to her good graces. You cannot doubt my zeal, which is founded on the ſincereſt ſentiments of gratitude.

Although there was not a word of truth in all this, it was more than ſufficient to gain the confidence of the Cardinal: he was happy to believe what he ſo ardently deſired. Tranſported with joy and hope, he conjured the Counteſs to neglect no means of defending his cauſe, and

begged her to take his intereſt to heart.

The Counteſs, afraid of being too ſudden, ſaid no more on this firſt viſit, but when ſhe ſaw him a few days after, ſhe ſhewed him letters, which ſhe pretended had been written to her by the Queen. This new ſtratagem ſo ſtrengthened the erroneous perſuaſion of the Cardinal, that he could not afterwards get the better of it.

Before ſhe put her grand project in execution, Madame de la Motte, wiſhing to know to what degree ſhe had impoſed on the Cardinal's underſtanding,

derſtanding, told him that the Queen deſired to oblige ſome perſons who were in diſtreſſed circumſtances, and in want of ſixty thouſand livres: the ſum was immediately delivered to her without further examination.

Satisfied with this firſt experiment, ſhe repeated it ſome time after on a ſimilar pretence, and received a hundred thouſand livres more. How could his Eminence refuſe theſe ſupplies? Madame de la Motte, did not aſk them for herſelf, and the Prince was firmly perſuaded he was obeying the orders of his Sovereign.

The Counteſs was not miſtreſs of her joy on ſeeing the turn her intrigue began to take. As often as ſhe viſited the Prelate, ſhe lulled him with the chimerical hope of reſtoring him to favour, and he was credulous enough to believe her promiſes.

In a viſit ſhe made him; "My "Prince," ſaid ſhe, "I ſet off to-"morrow for Verſailles, where her "Majeſty requires my preſence: "I will try to make the converſa-"tion fall on you, and if it be poſ-"ſible, I will deſtroy the unfavour-"able impreſſions that have been "given her on your account."

Some

Some days elapſed after this converſation, and his Eminence hearing nothing from her, began to grow uneaſy, when at laſt ſhe came to ſee him.

I bring you, ſaid ſhe, the moſt pleaſing news. I have ſpoken of you to her Majeſty, and found ſome difficulty in juſtifying you; however, ſhe reſtores you her favour; but before ſhe gives you any public marks of it, ſhe requires you to undertake a particular negociation, which I am going to explain.

On theſe words, without giving the Cardinal time to anſwer, or to

aſk her any queſtions, the Counteſs told him, that the Queen wiſhed to buy a diamond necklace, then in the hands of Meſſieurs Boehmer and Baſſange; that for certain reaſons, ſhe deſired not to be known as the purchaſer, but meant that he ſhould himſelf make the acquiſition, taking care to conduct the affair with the greateſt ſecrecy.

This ſingular propoſal appeared, at firſt ſight, unlikely to the Cardinal, and he could not help hinting his doubts to the Counteſs, who, like an artful impoſtor, haſted to diſſipate them; but would not, however, have ſucceeded, if ſhe had not employed

employed the audacious ſtratagem we are about to relate.

The reader recollects that the Counteſs had formed an acquaintance with a Mademoiſelle le Guai, who was known among her aſſociates, by the borrowed title of the Baroneſs d'Oliva.

Madame de la Motte prevailed on this girl to play the part of the Queen, without however letting her into the ſecret. She perſuaded her to wait at eleven in the evening, in one of the walks of the garden at Verſailles; to give a roſe to the perſon who ſhould accoſt her, and to

ſay: *You know the meaning of this: the paſt is forgotten.* She promiſed this young girl a conſiderable ſum if ſhe followed punctually the directions given her.

The unfortunate d'Oliva, the inſtrument of the moſt ſhameful impoſture, was ſeduced by the temptation of fifteen thouſand livres, which were paid her in promiſes: ſhe accepted the propoſal, and was impatient to play her part, little thinking ſhe was ſeeking her own ruin.

Sure of the aſſiſtance of Mademoiſelle d'Oliva, the Counteſs returned to the Cardinal.

You

You would not believe me, ſaid ſhe, but will you believe the Queen herſelf. Her Majeſty has charged me to tell you, that ſhe deſires you to be to-morrow at eleven in the evening, in the Park of Verſailles; there you will learn from her own mouth the reality of her intentions.

How eaſy is it to perſuade ourſelves of what we ardently deſire!

The Cardinal ſecretly reproached himſelf for having entertained a moment's ſuſpicion of the ſincerity of the Counteſs de la Motte, and was far from having an idea of the villainous

villainous plot carried on againſt him.

He waited with the greateſt impatience for the hour of the aſſignation; repaired to the appointed place, and reſpectfully accoſted a woman, whom he ſuppoſed to be the Queen, but who was neither more nor leſs than the youthful Mademoiſelle d'Oliva: *You know the meaning of this; the paſt is forgotten*; ſaid ſhe, giving him a roſe. He had not time to anſwer; the Counteſſes of Provence and Artois were announced, and the Cardinal retired, eager to execute the orders he imagined he had received.

He

He was ſcarcely at Paris when he hurried to the jewellers of the Crown, and propoſed to them the ſale of the necklace; drew up with his own hand the articles of agreement, which they accepted, and delivered this agreement to Madame de la Motte, who kept it for ſome days, and then returned it to the Cardinal, approved of in the margin, with the falſe ſignature of *Marie Antoinette de France.* The bargain was immediately concluded for the ſum of ſixteen hundred thouſand livres; the Cardinal carried the necklace to Verſailles, and delivered it to the Counteſs, who gave him to underſtand, that ſhe

was

was going to preſent it to the Queen.

Every one will, without doubt, be aſtoniſhed that the Cardinal did not diſcover the forgery of the approbation and ſignature; but their ſurpriſe will ceaſe, when they conſider that it was long ſince the Cardinal had ſeen the hand writing of the Queen; that he did not remember it, and that beſides having no ſuſpicion, he could have no intereſt to induce him to verify it.

The Counteſs and her huſband were too artful to write, with their own hands, the additions inſerted in the

the margin of the articles of agreement. If they had themſelves forged her Majeſty's ſignature, the Cardinal, to whom they had both written repeatedly, would certainly have diſcovered the impoſture.

It was, therefore, neceſſary to have recourſe to a third perſon, and this third perſon was their friend Retaux de Villette. It was he who had written the different letters that Madame de la Motte had ſhewn to the Cardinal, and it was he likewiſe, who, by an abuſe of the moſt auguſt name, put the laſt hand to the work that conſummated the cheat.

However,

However, the prelate thinking he had negociated the purchaſe of this magnificent ornament for the Queen, was tranſported with joy at his having found an opportunity of making himſelf uſeful, and imagined that by theſe means he ſhould recover her favour; but he was cruelly undeceived, as will be ſeen hereafter.

As ſoon as Madame de la Motte and her huſband ſaw themſelves in poſſeſſion of the famous necklace, which had been ſo long the object of their wiſhes, they loſt no time in taking it to pieces, and ſold ſome portions of it in France. Their confidential man, Retaux de Villette, undertook

undertook to diſpoſe of a part. The lapidary to whom he applied, ſuſpecting that theſe jewels did not belong to him, and that they had been ſtolen, laid an information before the Commiſſary of the Police. Retaux was examined, and declared that the diamonds belonged to Madame de la Motte, who had commiſſioned him to diſpoſe of them. The Counteſs claimed them, and they were delivered to her without difficulty.

This little adventure gave much uneaſineſs to her and her huſband. That they might obviate all ſuſpicions concerning their odious man-

œuvre,

œuvre, and have nothing in future to ſettle with the Police, Monſieur de la Motte, under the name of the Count de Valois, went to England, diſpoſed of part of the diamonds, left another portion in the hands of Mr. Gray, an Engliſh jeweller, and bought a quantity of pearls and other jewels, which he brought back to his wife.

On his return, the Count and Counteſs went to Bar-ſur-Aube, where they had bought an hotel of conſiderable conſequence, paying for it in ready money. More than twenty workmen were employed in new laying out the apartments, and in ornament-

ornamenting them according to the neweſt faſhion.

All the luxury of Aſia contributed to furniſh them. Nothing but gilding and looking-glaſſes was to be ſeen: the bed of the Counteſs was alone worth more than ten thouſand livres. It was of crimſon velvet, trimmed with gold-lace and fringe, and embroidered in gold and ſpangles, with a ſprinkling of rich pearls, brought from England by her huſband.

In the dining-room were two magnificent beaufets, in which was a pro-

a profuſe diſplay of porcelain and plate, that did not compoſe the leaſt ſumptuous part of their furniture.

By this ſpecimen it is eaſy to judge of the reſt.

The Count had twelve horſes in his ſtable, and five or ſix ſplendid carriages in his coach-houſes.

The author ſaw him at Bar-ſur-Aube, in the month of July, 1785, riding in a light and beautiful cabriole, made in the form of a balloon, and more than ten feet high.

The

The number of his ſervants was conſiderable, and their livery extremely rich. In ſhort, both he and his wife diſplayed the moſt unheard of magnificence.

So great a fortune, ſo rapidly acquired, after ſo many years of indigence, could not fail to make the Count and Counteſs the objects of much jealouſy. The public took pleaſure in relating their adventures, and in heightening the recital with the moſt ſarcaſtic pleaſantry.

They endeavoured in vain to perſuade the world, that their fortune originated in the conſiderable pre-

ſents they had received from the Princes and Princeſſes of the Blood Royal; but they gained no belief: their opulence was univerſally attributed to the proſtitution of the Counteſs's favours.

The period, at which the firſt payment of the necklace was to take place, now approached: the Count and Counteſs trembled on ſeeing it draw near, and the conſequences of their crime appearing before their eyes in the moſt terrible ſhapes, fear, trouble, and remorſe took poſſeſſion of their ſouls.

The Cardinal himſelf was not free

free from uneaſineſs. He had ſeen by accident the hand-writing of the Queen, and, ſtruck by the difference he remarked between the characters, and thoſe of the forged approbation, had employed a perſon at Court, on whom he could depend, to obſerve whether the Queen appeared in the necklace on days of ceremony. He received intelligence that ſhe did not wear it. His alarm redoubling, he ſent for the Jewellers to his houſe, and perſuaded them to write to the Queen, and thank her Majeſty for the favour ſhe had done them in buying the necklace.

Some days after he paid a viſit to Madame de la Motte, who was

lately arrived from the country. "Have I not been deceived?" ſaid he. "I have lately ſeen the hand-"writing of the Queen, and that "which is in the margin of the "agreement does not appear to be "the ſame; nor does her Majeſty "wear the ornament of diamonds "you gave me her orders to buy. "Did you deliver it to her your-"ſelf, or are you ſure that the "perſon you charged to give it to "her, has acquitted himſelf faith-"fully of the commiſſion? I do "not know what to make of all "this."

Madame de la Motte told him, he might make himſelf eaſy; that indeed

indeed ſhe had not ſeen her Majeſty write the approbation, but that ſhe had no doubt of its being in her hand-writing; and that ſhe was perfectly ſure the necklace had been ſafely delivered. I am ſo much convinced of it, added ſhe, that in two days I am to bring you from the Queen thirty thouſand livres, for the payment of the intereſt due to the jewellers.

The Cardinal, who ſtill thought Madame de la Motte in a ſtate of indigence, and that ſhe only ſubſiſted by his charity, was far from ſuppoſing it was herſelf who was to furniſh the ſum ſhe promiſed.

Two days after ſhe brought him the thirty thouſand livres; from that moment all his ſuſpicions vaniſhed, and he remained more firmly perſuaded than ever that he had not been duped.

The illuſion, however, could not laſt for ever; the clue of the labyrinth was ſure to be ſooner or later diſcovered; and Madame de la Motte, who foreſaw and dreaded the conſequences that muſt neceſſarily reſult from her fraudulent artifices, guarded againſt the event. She ſent Retaux de Villette out of the kingdom with poſt-horſes; and by thus diſmiſſing the accomplice of her

her offence, ſhe in a manner aſſured herſelf of impunity.

However, in caſe of detection, the Counteſs took her meaſures to make the Prince, her benefactor, and the Count de Caglioſtro, againſt whom ſhe had vowed the moſt interate hatred, the only victims of a fraud of which they were both innocent.

A few days after ſhe had given his Eminence the thirty thouſand livres of which we have ſpoken, ſhe made him believe ſhe was in diſgrace at Court; that the Queen had been informed ſhe had taken

too much advantage of her favour, and that ſhe had been guilty of ſeveral pieces of indiſcretion. Her Majeſty, added ſhe, has ordered me to quit the capital inſtantly: ſhe deſires that my removal may be ſecurity for my ſilence. I want two days at leaſt to pack up my furniture, and ſettle my affairs; I cannot leave Paris till they are regulated. However, it is proper to make a ſhow of obeying. If I remain in my own houſe, I ſhall infallibly be diſcovered, and ruined irretrievably in the Queen's opinion. I know nobody but your Highneſs who can deliver me from this embarraſſment: permit my huſband

and

and myſelf to remain concealed in your hotel for only four-and-twenty hours. We will then ſet off, and retire to the houſe of a female relation, who reſides in Champagne.

Madame de la Motte ſaid nothing to the Prelate of the magnificent hotel ſhe had bought at Bar-ſur-Aube; but continued to make him believe ſhe was ſtill in a ſtate of indigence.

The Cardinal fell into this new ſnare laid for him by the treacherous Counteſs. Her huſband and ſhe had a lodging granted them at the

Prince's, ſtaid there a day and a half, and then took the road of Bar-ſur-Aube, fully determined, if the event ſhould not anſwer their hopes, to make the facility with which the Cardinal received them, an argument againſt him.

Such were the vipers to whom he gave an aſylum, and whom he was cheriſhing in his boſom.

As ſoon as his Eminence received from Madame de la Motte the thirty thouſand livres which ſhe pretended had been delivered to her by the Queen, he gave them to the jewellers, who would not receive the ſum as intereſt, but gave a receipt

receipt on account of the principal.

The firſt term of payment had been long elapſed, and Meſſieurs Boehmer and Baſſange, ſeeing no appearance of their money, and impatient to recover their property, determined to addreſs the Queen in a petition, by which they ſupplicated her Majeſty to give orders for the payment.

The Queen, much aſtoniſhed at the jewellers demand for an ornament of diamonds ſhe had never bought, ſhewed the petition to the King. Meſſrs. Boehmer and Baſſange were

both ſent for to Verſailles, and the explained to the Monarch all they knew of the enigma: they ſaid that the Cardinal de Rohan had bought their necklace; that he had made hem underſtand it was for the Queen; and that, in this perſuaſion they had given it out of their hands.

The King, aſtoniſhed and angry at the ſame time, at this bold abuſe of the name of his auguſt conſort, in the commiſſion of ſuch a fraud, ſent for the unfortunate Cardinal. The Prelate declared that he had been deceived by a cunning, inſinuating, ambitious woman, full of abominable artifices, and named the Counteſs

Counteſs de la Motte Valois; but though he proteſted his own innocence, he was conducted to the Baſtille.

The Count and Counteſs, while the Cardinal was thus deprived of his liberty, were enjoying the pleaſures of the table, gaming, and paying viſits at Bar-ſur-Aube, and in the neighbourhood.

They heard that the Duke de Penthievre was at Chateau Vilain, went thither to pay their reſpects to him, and waited on him in the moſt ſplendid dreſs.

The

The Duke, whoſe connections at the Court enabled him to receive ſpeedy intelligence of what paſſed there, was already acquainted with the Cardinal's detention; and not being ignorant that Madame de la Motte was ſuſpected, gave her ſo cold a reception, that ſhe did not make any ſtay at his ſeat. She and her huſband returned to their magnificent equipage, and took the road to Clairvaux, where they ſupped.

The night was already very far advanced when they returned home, and went to bed.

They

They were not yet riſen, when about ten in the morning an Inſpector of the Police, and ſeveral ſoldiers of the *Guet* *, appeared at the houſe, and told the chamber-maid, they wiſhed to ſpeak with Madame de la Motte: the chamber-maid anſwered, that her miſtreſs was not *viſible*. *Viſible or not*, replied the Inſpector, I muſt ſpeak to her.—Carry me to her apartment. He immediately ſtepped into the Counteſs's bed-chamber, and undrew her bed-curtains himſelf.

* Troops that patrole the ſtreets of Paris.

Fatigued

Fatigued with the pleaſures of the foregoing evening, and enjoying the bleſſing of ſlumber, her waking was terrible. The officer ſhowed her his *Lettre de Cachet*, and informed her, he had orders to carry her to the Baſtille. He ſeized on all the papers that were in her eſcrutoire, and ſcarcely giving her time to dreſs, carried off the pretended deſcendant of Henry II.

As the Cardinal, in the firſt moments of his detention, had only named the Counteſs, without ſpeaking of her huſband, it was not judged proper to deprive Monſieur de la Motte of his liberty.

At

At the ſight of the officer of the *Guet*, and his myrmidons, he was ſeized with fear, and fell ſenſeleſs in the arms of one of his ſervants. When he recovered from his ſwoon, he found himſelf without a wife.

After having devoted the firſt moments to his ſorrow, he reflected that a longer ſtay in France might lay him under the neceſſity of ſharing the danger of the Counteſs, he therefore haſtily took flight, croſſed over to England, with the greateſt part of his fortune, took poſſeſſion again of the jewels he had left with Mr. Gray, in his firſt journey, and diſpoſed of them with conſiderable loſs.

T

In the mean time his wife made fruitleſs efforts to perſuade the public and her judges of her innocence. She betrayed herſelf; the truth came out in ſpite of her, and made its way through a heap of falſehoods and puerilities, under which ſhe hoped to conceal it.

The horrors of her ſituation, joined to thoſe of her priſon, did not hinder her from ſeeking the means of gratifying her hatred: ſhe plainly ſhewed what power the ſpirit of vengeance has over the mind of a wicked woman.

We have already ſaid, that ſhe deteſted the Count de Caglioſtro.

Not

Not content with her endeavours to ruin him, ſhe tried to ſacrifice his unhappy wife alſo.

On her examination, ſhe declared that the Count de Caglioſtro was the deviſer of the fraud; that he was the perſon who prevailed on the Cardinal to make the acquiſition of the necklace, and that he had ſo faſcinated the eyes and underſtanding of the Prelate, as to make him believe an ideal apparition of the Queen, in the gardens at Verſailles, to be a reality.

She inſinuated that the necklace had been taken to pieces by the Count

Count and Counteſs of Caglioſtro, and that they alone had received the produce of it: they were in conſequence carried to the Baſtille, where Madame de Caglioſtro remained near eight months in confinement, and from whence her huſband was not releaſed till the deciſion of the trial.

As long as Madame de la Motte ſaw none of her accomplices taken up, ſhe flattered herſelf that ſhe ſhould make the Cardinal and Caglioſtro the victims of the theft ſhe alone had committed. But Providence has decreed that, ſooner or later,

later, the guilty ſhall receive the puniſhment they deſerve.

Mademoiſelle d'Oliva, the principal actreſs in the garden ſcene, was taken up at Bruſſels, whither ſhe had fled for refuge: ſhe began to diſſipate the clouds with which Madame de la Motte concealed her crime; but when Retaux de Villette was taken at Geneva, conveyed to the Baſtille, and confronted with that intriguing woman, he cleared away all remaining miſts, and the truth came forward to the light. Then the wretched Counteſs loſt all hope: the idea of the penalty joined to that of the offence, gave her up

up a prey to the moſt terrible agitations, and to the keeneſt remorſe.

While the trial of the famous affair of the necklace was carrying on, a new perſonage made his appearance on the theatre, whoſe preſence was not expected. It was the ſon of a glazier, of Saint Omers, and his name was Bette d'Etienville.

This man, if hiſtory may be believed, ſaid he was employed to find a man of quality, who was willing to marry a lady with twenty-five thouſand livres a year. This lady lived at the houſe of Madame de la Motte. Succeſsful in his inquiries,

quiries, he had met with ſuch a huſband as was deſired, who, in expectation of his approaching marriage, ſtocked himſelf with trinkets of all kinds, and contracted conſiderable debts, which the fortune of his wife was to diſcharge; the go-between, Bette d'Etienville, being ſecurity in the mean time for the payment of the tradeſmen.

The lady in want of a huſband poſſeſſed a conſiderable quantity of diamonds. On the ſecond viſit made her by d'Etienville, ſhe begged him to procure the ſale of them, but Bette d'Etienville declined the commiſſion, becauſe he was ignorant

ignorant of the value of thoſe precious matters. Then the marriage was at a ſtand, and the procurer and future huſband were put off with delays and excuſes. The detention of the Counteſs de la Motte followed, and no more was heard of the lady. D'Etienville was conſidered as a ſharper by the diſappointed hero, and inſtead of being invited to the wedding, was taken up by a warrant, and confined in the priſon of the Chatelet.

This ſingular anecdote appears at firſt ſight to have no connection with the ſtory of Madame de la Motte; however, it points out another,

ther, with which the public is not yet acquainted. The lady, who wiſhed to ſettle in the world, may very poſſibly be no other than Marianne, otherwiſe Mademoiſelle de Saint Remi, who probably took the name of *Mella de Courville*, with no other view than to engage her go-between (without making herſelf known) to facilitate the ſale of the diamonds that had compoſed the necklace.

We are the more induced to believe it, as the Count de la Motte, ſome months before his wife was taken into cuſtody, gave out publickly, that the Counteſs was on the

point of marrying her ſiſter to a Nobleman belonging to the Court. He meant, no doubt, to obtain greater conſideration, by thus pretending to have powerful friends, and intereſt at Verſailles.

The attention of France, and of all Europe, was turned on the famous affair of the necklace. As ſoon as the trial was over, the public in general, anticipating the deciſion of the court, paſſed condemnation on her.

Sentence is at laſt pronounced. The Cardinal and Caglioſtro are acquitted of the crimes imputed to them

them by Madame de la Motte. The gates of the Baſtille open, and they are conducted to their reſpective hotels by a crowd of people, congratulating them on the triumph of their innocence.

Mademoiſelle d'Oliva is conſidered as a perſon whoſe credulity has been abuſed by the culprits, and is ſet at liberty.

Retaux de Villette, condemned to perpetual baniſhment, is ſent to exerciſe his abilities for forgery out of the kingdom.

The Count de la Motte is condemned, in caſe he ſhould be im-

prudent enough to let himſelf be taken, to be branded with the *fleur de lys* on both ſhoulders; and after being ſoundly whipped, a commiſſion is to be granted him to row for the reſt of his life, on board the King's galleys.

As to his wife, convicted of the theft, and all the odious machinations attending it, the Court decrees, that ſhe ſhall be whipped and branded, and be afterwards confined for the reſt of her days in a houſe of correction.

The ſentence thus pronounced, it remained only to put it in execution on

on the Counteſs, then in the priſon of the *Conciergerie*.

She was informed one morning, that a perſon aſked to ſpeak with her at the Parliament Houſe *(le Palais)*. As for ſome time before, ſhe had not been permitted to ſpeak to any one whatever, ſhe was ſurprized at this news, anſwered that ſhe had not reſted during the night, and begged to be left in quiet. The gaoler replied, that it was her counſel who was waiting for her.— I can ſee him to-day, then, ſaid ſhe, and riſing haſtily, ſlipped on a gown, and followed him.

She was brought before her judges: the clerk read her ſentence —aſtoniſhment, fright, rage, and deſpair, took all at once poſſeſſion of her ſoul, and threw her into convulſions difficult to deſcribe. She had not fortitude enough to hear him out; but, throwing herſelf on the ground, uttered the moſt dreadful cries. It was with the greateſt difficulty means were found to convey her to the yard before the Parliament-houſe, there to undergo the execution of her ſentence.

As ſoon as ſhe perceived the inſtrument of her puniſhment, ſhe grew furious, took the executioner by

by the collar, bit a piece out of his hand, and continued to ſtruggle while he dragged her along. Her clothes was obliged to be torn off her back, for the purpoſe of branding her on the ſhoulder, with the hot iron. Her cries and imprecations then redoubled, but the execution was already over, and ſhe was immediately after conveyed to the houſe of correction.

Thus was this woman puniſhed for the immoderate ambition, to which ſhe had ſacrificed her duties, and the liberal Prince, who was loading her with favours. The unhappy wretch had not even the

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ſad conſolation of exciting pity for her fate. The greateſt part of thoſe who ſaw her ſuffer the chaſtiſement ſhe deſerved, cried out like Candide; *All is well; nothing can be better.*

NAR-

NARRATIVE of the ESCAPE

OF THE

COUNTESS VALOIS DE LA MOTTE.

By Herſelf.

AFTER what has been often repeated of the Counteſs's exceſſive ſenſibility, it may be a matter of ſurpriſe how ſhe has been able to ſupport the numberleſs misfortunes ſhe has had to cope with, from her firſt confinement in the Baſtile, to the period of her eſcape from the infamous priſon wherein the prevailing malice of her enemies had, as it were

were entombed that ill-fated woman.

But when the world, better informed by all the details she proposes to give the public concerning her affair with the Cardinal, &c. will be convinced that she had no reason to expect the treatment that awaited her, the wonder will cease; nor will it any longer appear extraordinary that, secure in her own innocence, she should have preserved her natural gaiety to the last, and even neglected the opportunities repeatedly given to her of escaping from the *Conciergerie*, previous to the iniquitous sentence awarded against her

her by the Parliament, whoſe Members, as ſhall be made evident, knew no more of the real ſtate of the queſtion, than the inhabitants of the moſt diſtant Pole: but how could ſhe ſurvive the laſt ſcene of the cruel tragedy! Hope ſtill kept up her ſpirits; ſhe foreſaw, with certainty, that one day or another ſhe would eſcape from ſo vile a place, and leave it with ſuch arms in her poſſeſſion, as muſt confound her enemies, and make them tremble. The powerful friends ſhe ſtill can boaſt of, and who are fully acquainted with all the mal-practices made uſe of againſt her, are the only perſons to whom ſhe is indebted for the

means

means that have facilitated her escape, of which the following is an authentic narrative:

The Counteſs is perhaps the firſt and only priſoner who ever could find the way out of that place of confinement. The peculiar conſtruction of the building, the number of gates, and the multitude of guards always on the watch, preclude all poſſibility of a return to the world; but what cannot be effected with the aſſiſtance of friends in power, and of money?

For ſeveral months paſt, the Counteſs was in poſſeſſion of the neceſſary

neceſſary apparatus; but the private inſtructions ſhe received from time time, and the daily expectation ſhe was in, of receiving ſeveral papers indiſpenſable for her juſtification, obliged her to put off the much wiſhed for event, and even ſubmit, with patience, to the ill treatment of one Siſter Martha, and a ſwarm of prieſts as malevolent as any of that ſelfiſh fraternity, all of them in the conſtant pay of the family at Rohan, and, of courſe, intereſted in ſomething *worſe* than her unhappineſs.

At laſt the happy day arrived, and ſhe gave the faithful Marie Anne, her woman, every neceſſary inſtruction, not wiſhing

wiſhing to have her as a companion through the windings of the infernal labyrinth, leſt that perſon, being univerſally known, ſhould occaſion a fatal diſcovery. The Counteſs agreed upon a place of meeting, dreſſed herſelf in man's clothes, cut the front part of her hair in the ſhape uſually worn by jockeys in Paris; and, thus equipped, her head buried as it were in a large round hat, half-boots on her legs, and a ſmall ſwitch in her hand, ſhe boldly ventured forth, reſolved, and being armed for that purpoſe, to die rather than be retaken.

After having opened and ſhut after her

her *ſeven* different gates, ſhe at laſt reached an immenſe yard, filled with *ſiſters*, ſo they call the *female* Cerberi of the place. She addreſſed herſelf to one of them, and diſguiſing both her voice and pronunciation, put a piece of gold into her hand, enquiring for her way to the chapel, where ſhe arrived at laſt, after paying proper *tolls* at all the the other gates. Leſt ſhe ſhould be known to ſome of the ſiſterhood, ſhe mixed as faſt as ſhe could with a numerous company of viſitors then buſy in viewing what curioſities there were to be ſeen. With the whole groupe ſhe was conveyed by one of the *ſiſters* to the outward gate, called Porte de Champs. There ſhe met

met her good Marie Anne, took boat with her, and croſſed to the oppoſite ſhore.

Notwithſtanding her enfeebled ſtate, the Counteſs had ſtrength enough to walk as far as Charanton, above ſix miles. They then got into a cart, which carried them three leagues further. It was impoſſible, nay, dangerous, for the two travellers to attempt getting a convenient carriage, and therefore they travelled again on foot the ſpace of *twenty miles*. Worn out with fatigue, their feet in a moſt deplorable condition, they were glad to put up at a miſerable public-houſe on the road, and there reſt the whole night.

The

The next day they mounted a dung-cart, which was going four leagues up the country. There they met with ſome good-natured waggoners, who gave them a caſt. The Counteſs, being apprehenſive leſt ſhe ſhould be traced, and her dreſs deſcribed, bought, in the firſt place they ſtopped at, the ſimple dreſs of a *country girl*. The only remaining difficulty was to effect the transformation. For this purpoſe ſhe left the town where ſhe had thus provided herſelf, walked on about three leagues, and then leaving the high road, retired behind a hill, and there changed her clothes, hiding amongſt the brambles her manly accoutrements.

She then reſumed her pedeſtrian ourney.

After numberleſs fatigues, and much anxiety, avoiding the large towns, putting up at the moſt wretched hovels, travelling ſometimes in carts, oftener on foot; compelled through the inhumanity of a publican, who would not open his door after twelve o'clock, to paſs a whole night on the naked earth in Columby Foreſt, near Barſur-Aube; ſhe at laſt reached the city of Luxemburgh, and from thence a ſmall village called Holriſh, where they remained ſix weeks, under the aſſumed name of Mademoiſelle de Dulain, at one Madame Chiltz's,

Chiltz's, who treated her in every reſpect with ſo much humanity, as muſt for ever engage her utmoſt gratitude.

No ſooner was the Count, her huſband, appriſed of her retreat, than he diſpatched after her a truſty perſon, to bring her over to London, where ſhe ſafely arrived on Saturday the 4th inſtant.

*** This account of the Counteſs de la Motte's eſcape is printed from the MORNING POST of Auguſt 16th, not written by the Author of the LIFE.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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